THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY,

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Editor and Proprietor.

For The Lily.

THE PILGRIM HEART.

A pilgrim heart goes wandering forth,
O'er life's wild surging flood,
And seeks o'er all the mighty earth,
The beautiful and good:
And like the dove with weary wing,
Returning oft to me—
Brings back no good or lovely thing,
From off the surging sea.

And yet again that pilgrim heart,
Goes forth 'mid storm and strife—
Hoping to do its humble part
In the earnest toil of life—
Trusting to Him the waves to bind,
Who bade their raging cease—
Cheerily hoping yet to find
The olive branch of peace.

For what if truth be met with scorn,
And faith be met with fears?
The gloriousthought by truth upborne,
Goes circling down the years:
And yet shall rise in aftertime,
In life's broad harvest field,
And in its own proud strength sublime,
An hundred fold shall yield.

EMI B. SWANK.

For the Lily.

Wrongs of Woman--No. 4.

It is generally admitted that women possess nicer sensibilities, and that the moral sentiments predominate in her organism, rendering her peculiarly fitted to act efficiently in all moral reforms, and especially in such movements as have a bearing upon her own sex. Such being the case, there can be no good reason why man should legislate for woman; and though the custom of ages, has established the precedent it bears on its front the marks of barbarism, cultivated and nourished by bigotry and tyranny.

Conceive, if you can, a more savage and barbarous spectacle than a woman arraigned before our courts of justice, accused of crime. She has broken the laws of her country. She has broken the laws made by man, in which she has been allowed no voice or action. Of course she is expected to be governed by them, whether they are in accordance with her feelings and interest or not. Man cannot or does not understand her incentives to wrong, and in too many cases the very influence he has thrown around her, has been the means of leading her into disgrace and crime, and then sets himself up as judge to decide the penalty which she shall pay.

The laws on our statute books in regard to the violation of the marriage contract, are a base insult to woman. Let the violation be on her part, and she is deprived of all rights, even to dower in property. She is thrust out from the domestic circle, (for man don't allow his honor to be thus insulted,) prevented from any further care or direction in the management of her children—the wall of custom shuts her out from sympathy and kindness—the avenues to labor are closed against her, and very often the scorns and sneers of her sister, woman, who should be prompt and mighty to avenge her wrongs, drives her to shame and infamy. At heart she may be the more virtuous of the two, and endowed with a higher sense of moral obligation.

Man sins and continues to sin—he lays snares for his prey, and entices the feet of the unwary into them—he blights and destroys the fair and the lovely—he breaks the heart of an affectionate wife, and still goes forth with unblushing face, and a high head. Why is this? It is because woman winks at his iniquities. She meets him with smiles and caresses, extending him the warm hand of welcome. Yes, tell it in Gath, publish it in the streets of Askelon, that woman has sold her birthright—that she succumbs to this law of custom and infidelity, regardless of the dignity of true womanhood.

Oh! woman, arouse ye, slumber no longer in listless inactivity, while vice and crime, in huge billows of destruction, is rolling through our land, casting their blighting influence over God's fairest creations, and bringing desolation and sorrow to happy homes and fond loving hearts.

Put on a little moral courage, and drive far from you the mistaken notion, that you have no influences, or that you have all the rights you want, and make one united and determined efforts against this form of oppression. Oh! how little do you appreciate the exalted powers you possess to benefit humanity conferred upon you by an All-wise Creator---and how little do you realize that you allow yourselves to be but driveling tools, plastic instruments in hands who mold you to their will as the potter does the clay, fit only to subserve the the meanest purpose.

L. E. B. M. B.

Lilian Walter,

OR, THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

BY LUCY.

A bright happy being was Lilian, when I first knew her, just blooming into womanhood, and her rosy cheeks, dark sparkling eyes, and graceful figure, formed a striking contrast to the mild, blue eyes and fair complexion of her mother and sister. In short, she was the very personification of her father—the eldest born, and his darling. He gave her every advantage in his power, and at the age of twenty she had become well educated and highly accomplished.

Mr. Walter was a man on whom fortune had smiled, as she almost always does on the prudent and industrious. Lilian's attractions, combined with the fact that her father's coffers were well filled, drew around her numerous admirers, many of whom were well worthy of the prize they sought to win.

But there's no accounting for woman's perversity in love affairs. She chose one who though he had a good heart and a pleasing exterior, had learned to love the poisoned cup. He had no capital to commence life with, and but little talent.

She had been warned of his habits, but love such as hers could overlook all faults, and the hope that she could reform him, seemed to her a certainty when she found he abstained entirely for a few weeks at her request.

Her father seeing her so determined to become the wife of Wallace Delivan, at last gave a reluctant consent.

In the next spring time came the wedding day, when the grass was springing over all the meadows, and the yellow dandelions the lawn, it seemed as if earth had put on its robe of green with its gilt buttons, on purpose for Lilian's bridal.

'Twas a beautiful sunny day, but well do I remember the strange shadow of coming evil which haunted me when I saw the unusual gaiety of the bridegroom, as he more and more frequently partook of the wine. As he grew more gay, Lilian's face grew sad. But the evening passed, and weeks sped on; he still drank moderately, but never to excess.

Mr. Walter helped him into a lucrative business, and gave him a nice cottage, furnished and tastefully ornamented. Lilian was happy, and for some time all went well.

Old mother earth has worn her spring robe threadbare long ago, and has now covered her gold and crimson autumn dress with a mantle of white to protect her from the bleak, wintry winds.

But there's nought to keep the cold out from young hearts deserted, or from the forms of those human beings exposed to the merciless night blasts of February. And who was suffering? Ah! who but drunkard's wives—who, but our poor Lilian. Wallace had come home beastly drunk for the first time. It was late, and Lilian, weak and sick, had retired to rest. But the rum-fiend could not rest, and must needs be causing misery somewhere. So Wallace dragged his wife from her bed, and thrust her with her babe of three weeks old, out into the dark, cold night, and placing himself in the warm couch, he was soon in a drunken sleep.

Poor Lilian finding an old blanket in the stoop, wrapped it around herself and babe, and sat down and wept such bitter, agonizing tears, as only a drunkard's wife can weep.

At length the intense cold aroused her from her silent despairing grief. What should she do; she dared not waken the demon within; she could expect no pity there. She would not expose him to her neighbors, and her father's house was a mile away; besides, he must not know her sufferings, for had he not warned her of this, and now she only was to blame. So she thought, as in her bare feet she paced the cold platform, to keep the life blood from chilling in her veins.

But morning came at length, and with it Wallace's consciousness; he looked around him. Lilian was not there. Then the occurrences of the past night rushed upon his memory, and he sprang up like a guilty thing, unbarred the door, and there before him lay the wife he had sworn less than one year since to love, cherish and protect, and this was the way he had kept his promise.

Then and there he vowed never again to put within his lips that which would steal away his reason and affection.

He placed her by the warm fire, and she was after some time restored to consciousness; but having been so chilled in her weak state, a fever set in, and for a long time her life was despaired of. Her sister came and took care of her during her sickness, and she finally recovered.

Meantime Wallace remained sober, and attended to his business, and Lilian was beginning to wear something of the old smile on her face, when by an unlucky investment he lost considerable property, and becoming discouraged he again resorted to the intoxicating cup.

Matters grew worse, and time after time was the same scene of the winter night re-enacted; often she resolved to leave him, but his threats of vengeance kept her from it. He would take little Henry, she feared, so she endured in silence all the abuse he chose to heap upon her. He grew more brutish and inhuman every day, and many times the neighbors were obliged to interpose to prevent the destruction of property, and even of life. And so passed on weary years. Poor Lilian, how many are led by the little blind love-god to just such a fate.

It would be too painful to recount all that patient, loving wife, and those sweet innocents endured. So we will pass over a period of four years.

The old house is there yet, and a mournful place it is; the shutters swing loose in the wind, the panes are broken, the door hangs by one hinge, there is no gate, and the fence is broken down and the yard, once so filled with flowers, is overgrown with weeds, and everything bespeaks the habitation of a drunkard. But where are the occupants?—Wallace we shall find in the grog-shop when he has earned enough to procure a glass of the poison, and in the street when his pockets are empty.

And Lilian, Mr. Walter has taken her home to die; and there she lies in the same old room she used to occupy when a girl. But, oh how changed. Where are the sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks? Who would recognize her in that emaciated face and bowed form. And where is little Henry? Yes, he is there too, with his sorrowful face and large dark eyes; and then there is little Jamie, a boy of three years old, who is trying to hobble up on crutches; he was an almost idiot from birth, and as if that were not enough, one wintry night when Wallace was inebriated, the little fellow cried with the cold, and the cruel man placed him with feet in the red hot embers, and he is crippled for life. Then there's another of the drunkard's children, little Jenette, seemingly too fair and frail for earth. And grandpa has taken them all home at last. Many times before has he tried to do so, but Lilian refused to do so, fearing lest Wallace might take the children from her; so she stayed and endured insult and privation for their sake.

Oh! how unjust the law, that the husband, let him be ever so besotted, and his reason and affections entirely blunted, can claim and take away the children from the mother who bore them, and whose heart clings to them with more than human love. Oh! shame on such law makers? Where are their hearts, and where their reason?

Mr. Walter did all he could to reform Wallace, but all to no purpose; and failing in this, he did all he could for the comfort of the family, while Lilian would remain with Wallace, who would neither provide for his family, nor allow them to eat or wear anything her father brought her, if he knew of it. Mr. Walter was therefore obliged to carry this food to them, and stay until they were fed. If Wallace found flour, meat or indeed any thing in the house, he invariably bartered it away for rum; even any furniture or article of clothing went the same way. So at last Mr. Walter grew tired of trying to provide for them so, and when at last Lilian fell sick, he resolved to take them to his home at all hazards, where we now find them. Wallace came to see them once, but was refused admittance. From this time he run the down hill road rapidly, and in less than a year left his native village, and soon after tidings came to Lilian of his death. He had died of delirium tremens in a neighboring city.

Oh! rum, rum, were it not for thy cursed influence, poor Wallace might have lived many long years, happy in the love of his family and friends; but a miserable life thou hast led him, and buried with thine own, he fills a drunkard's grave.

Lilian, meantime, to the surprise of all, slowly regained her health; but her sorrows were not yet ended. The measles broke out in the village, and many children died, and little Jenette also became its victim. Henry and little Jamie were now all that were left her. Her mother was soon after thrown from a carriage and severely injured, and never was able to rise from her bed from that time until her death, which occurred about a year after.

Six years have come and gone, since her mother's grave was closed, and Lilian's father and only sister sleep the sleep that knows no waking, and are laid beside her mother, and she and her boys are now alone, all alone.

Mr. Walter's broad acres are all her's now, but what cares she? Without kindred or friends, she too could welcome death. But stop. She must live for her children. Who would care for them? Henry is just entering his teens, and is anxious to learn some profession. Lilian has now the means to gratify his wishes, and it shall be done.

But she can do nothing with the farm, so she concludes to dispose of it. With the aid of an old friend of her fathers, (who taking aduantage of her friendless situation, charges enormously for his trouble,) her object is finally accomplished. They remove to a small house in the village, and Henry is sent away to school.

It is hard for her to part with him, but his earnest hopes and aspirations encourage her to bear the trial. She now lives in retirement, looking with sorrow at the past, and dwelling with hope on the future. She spends her time in ministering to the comfort of poor Jamie, and trying to instruct his darkened mind.

Henry writes home cheering letters of his success, and thus they jog on, until he leaves for College, with many tears, and hopeful words, and with his mother's blessing.

About this time a Mr. Melbourn, (who had once been a suitor of Lilian's hand in her happy girlhood, who morried about the same time she did, and had now lost his wife,) made her an offer of his heart and hand. She finally accepted, and a kinder, better husband, or a happier home, no wife ever had. Her property now of course, by law become his, but as he was in no need of it, it was left in the bank, where it had been placed, and with it Henry's education was to be completed, and what remained, (which would be quite a little fortune, was to be given him to commence life with. And now they were all provided for in the best possible manner, it seemed, and Lilian was content.

But peace and happiness were hers for only two short years, and then death entered her house again. Oh! why could he not have gone to some poor wretch who longed for his embrace. But no! he comes alike to the abode of happiness, and misery's haunts—to the rich man's palace and the hovel of the poor, but even he is more welcome than the demon of rum.

Mr. Melbourne was seized with a fit of appoplexy, and died in his counting-room, without warning and alone, and ere the first week of loneliness and mourning had passed, the brothers and sisters of the deceased man came on to settle the property, and poor Lilian was stripped of everything save what the law would allow her, even to furniture which had been her fathers, and which had become endeared to her by a thousand associations, ever since his childhood. In vain did she assert her right to that. Mr. Melbourne had reserved that expressly for Henry's use.

But what cared they. There was no will, and she could do nothing. The third lent her during her life would barely maintain her and her boys, much less complete Henry's education. She was now in a much worse condition than she could possibly have been, if she had not married, and thus placed her property in the hands of another.

Henry was now called home, and discouraged and disheartened to find his cherished plans so crushed, he sat down in despair. At length a situation in an extensive warehouse was offered him which he accepted. He had occupied it only a short time when the proprietor commenced making some additions and improvements in his buildings and in the course of the work, through the carelessness of one of the workmen, (who had been drinking, a timber was displaced, under which Henry was then passing, and fell with full force upon him, so completely crushing him that he lived only a few hours.

Lilian's cup of misery was now full to overflowing, and unable to bear up under this last affliction, she rapidly fell into a decline, and finally died of broken heart, and when earth again put on her mantle of white, it became at the same time a shroud for poor Lilian.

And so she has gone to her long rest. just as she should have been in the prime of life, (she for whom there was no rest, in this life because of man's unjust laws, and the curse of intemperance.

And poor Jamie was placed among the county poor, for what had been apportioned to Lilian by her husband's heirs, returned to her on her death, and not a cent was left for Jamie.

* * * * *

A few weeks ago a man of apparently about forty years of age, was seen slowly pacing up and down one of the village streets where Lilian had lived in her early wedded days, and where her life's sorrows commenced. He was nicely but plainly dressed; his hair was streaked with gray, and his face wore many a line of care and sorrow. He was evidently a stranger.

Soon an old citizen came rapidly down the street, on his way to his place of business. Our s ranger stopped him, and made some inquiries about one and another who had lived there long ago, and finally asked for Mr. Melbourn, Lilian and her children.

The old man told him the whole sad story of their wrongs, and when he had finished, tears were raining down the stranger's cheeks.

"Ah!" said he, "I feared I should be too late.—Oh! could she only have lived to have spoken one word of forgiveness to her reformed and repentant husband, for I am no other than Wallace Delivan. You look surprised, said he; and I will tell you how this change came about. Lilian's father, you of course remember was obliged to take her to his home, and finding after that happened, she had resolved never to see me again, a feeling of intense sorrow clung to me. Instead of the revenge I had fancied I should feel if she left me, and I drank deeper than ever for a few months. At length I resolved to leave the country, and try in a strange land, and new associations, to break the habit which had so long held me a slave. I sailed for Europe, was successful in conquering my appetite and also in acquiring considerable property.

Seven long years I remained sober. I was changed for the better, and the fond hope that Lilian, if alive, would again receive me, animated me on my return voyage. Strange emotions filled my heart as I neared my native place, and when the stage stopped at the little tavern where I had squandered so much of my time and Lilian's money, a feeling of shame came upon me. I dreaded to be recognized, and I was not. The place had changed landlords, and was now a temperance house. I was thankful for that. I made inquiries for those who had once been mine, and found Lilian's father and his family, were all dead, and our little one who was but a few months old, when I last saw her, was gone too. But oh! hardest of all, Lilian was married. I could not endure the thought, so after finding that she and the boys were well cared for, and happy, and all thought me dead, which mistake was caused by the death of a man, of the same name as they had heard.

I left without seeing them, or disclosing myself to any one. I returned to Europe, and resolved to spend the remainder of my days there. Now seven years more have been added to my life, and an irresistible longing to see them once more, has drawn me hither again. And you tell me they are all gone—all but poor Jamie, and he a cripple in both body and mind—the miserable child of a drunken father. Oh! God, can it be. But I will seek the poor boy, and strive by kindness to atone in some measure for the wrong I have done him. Fourteen years have I done pennance for my sin towards Lilian and those children; and now in the

presence of you all, said he, (a large crowd of the passers by had collected around him, and were listening with moistened eyes,) I take a most solemn vow to devote the rest of my life to the cause of Temperance and Woman's Rights, and I appeal to every one of you to aid me in the good word.—An approving murmur ran through the crowd, and he continued, Intemperance was the first cause of all the misery and distress of my family, humbling as it is for me to be obliged to acknowledge it.

But if Lilian had a right to her own property, as she should have had, they might now have been happy, and her money would not have been worse than wasted, or passed into the hands of heartless strangers, and she left almost penniless, nor her poor idiot boy sent to the poor house—nor would the gifted Henry have been in his grave, but would have been now filling some honorable station in life.

Oh! how many are suffering and dying in our land every day in consequence of our oppressive and unjust laws. Ah! brothers, do be true men, and do all in your power to give tha oppressed and down-trodden their rights.

Wallace shook hands and passed on, leaving the crowd to disperse or discuss the subject as they chose. He immediately sought his crippled son, and took him to a comfortable home, but he is feeble and will soon die.

Wallace has commenced his labors and although not as talented as many, yet he is deeply interested in his subject, and is accomplishing much good.

May a blessing ever follow the workers in the cause of emancipation from slavery of every kind.

For the Lily.

To Louie.

"Thou art gone to the grave," but shall I deplore thee. Tho' I know that thou art forever free from the toils, temptations and sufferings of life, and gone to dwell with Him who said "suffer such as him to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such the kingdom of Heaven." Yes, I feel that thou art secure in Heaven. Tho' the wintry winds may howl, the tempest roar and the snow eddy around the little mound above thy clay, yet thou art not there. They disturb not thy sweet repose. Thou art gone, forever gone! No more will these mortal eyes rest on thy *cherished* form! No more will these arms of mine clasp thee in my fond embrace! Yet while gazing on thy pictured lineament, with my mental eye, I see thee again in life. I see thy happy smiling face; those mild, yet lustrous eyes, that oft looked up so earnestly to mine, shall on me rest! That joyous, gleeful voice, which welled up from a heart of happy innocence, I hear it not! I see thee playing with thy toys; and again I see thee when those toys cease to amuse, clambering around thy mother's knee.

"Oft think me of the many joys thou gave—
The many hours thy presence hath beguiled—
Of all thy earthless, loving, winning ways,
'Till my full heart throbs wildly in its grief,
And tears bedim my sight."

Then I see thee, in thy sick cradle, while disease is rapidly wasting away thy fragil form. Thy little friend approaches; thou lookest up; a faint smile of recognition o'erspreads thy countenance, and again thou shrinks with pain. The next day thou knowest her not. Disease has a strong hold and will not loose his grasp. Oh, my darling babe! How it tears my heart-strings asunder to thee suffering thus! The *agony*, the *torture* I endure, far surpasses all my former experience.—Worlds would I give to see thee well again! But 'tis impossible. Thy doom is sealed. Earth henseforth is not to be thy home. Thy Heavenly father has chosen thee, while a spotless lamb, to place within his fold.

With panorama clearness I witness the closing scene. 'Twas a calm, clear summer's eve, the gentle zephyrs played with thy silken locks, but thou headed it not; kind friends were watching thy gentle breathings. A holy stillness pervaded the scene. 'Twas a sweet time for such a spotless one as thee to die; and as the star came out one by son and took their accustomed watch; without one struggle, sigh or moan, thy pure spirit left its frail tenement of clay, and was wafted on angel wings to the mansions of the blest. A. M. T.

Fairfield, Iowa.

How Machinery Increases Beneficial Labour.—About five years ago, when sewing machines were beginning to be introduced into this city, some furious attacks were made upon them by ignorant and mock philanthropists, who pretended to be anxiously concerned for poor seamstresses. They pictured the sad fate which awaited hose persons; told how the hard-earned bread as to be taken out of their mouths by such captalists as could purchase and use such machines, thereby dispensing with the labour of needlewomen, and thus bring them to want for lack of employment. Have such predictions been fulfilled? We, who have for years carefully watched the effects of labour-saving machinery of every kind upon society, knew that such ideas, when uttered were no better than the emenation of an idiot's dream, trusted to a few year's experience to prove the benefits of such machines to every class in the community; and if we are rightly informed, more than a thousand of them are in operation in New York city alone: but instead of these having thrown any industrious females ont of employment they have rather increased the quantity of work for them to do. We were told a few days since, by one engaged somewhat extensively in providing needle-work, that twenty stitches are now made on some garments, for one that was made five years ago—in short, that sewing machines had greatly increased the demand for sewed work. Thus coat-linings, which used to be made plain, are now mostly elaborately worked, and finely stitched, and it is the same with almost every kind of sewed work. The amount of such work, he stated, had increased even to a greater ratio than the machines to execute it. A higher taste is now being gratified, and hundreds of women who used to play the needle early and late with their fingers, for a mere pittance, are now better remunerated for their labor in attending to sewing machines, while, at the same time, their hours of toil have been measurably reduced. It is our opinion that the very class—needle women—respecting whom so much was at one time said about being injured by sewing machines, will be most benefited. In many, if not in almost every instance, this has been felt to be the case already.—Sewing machines, therefore, which are but a recent invention, afforded abundant example "eow machinery increased beneficial labor."—*Scientific American.*

MISS LILY AND HER PUPIL.

My father was a farmer, a practical man, who always had as good crops and stock as the country produced. He wished his children to be educated well, so far as the stone school house of the district afforded facilities. It pleased him to see them stand at the head of the speiling class, and to hear that they wrote the best hand in the school. He was one of the trustees of the district, and was very particular in selecting teachers, so much so that it came to be understood if Captain Humphreys was pleased, this was at once a passport to the favor of the whole district. A man was employed to teach the school in winter, when large boys and girls were in attendance, and a woman filled the post in summer. To the former four dollars a week were paid without a murmur, but to the latter one dollar was considered ample compensation. My father was usually a just and benevolent man, but like many others, he had never thought of the injustice done to woman in the small compensation allowed her.

When I was in my tenth year, full of fun and frolic, a perfect hater of fractions and syntax, and at enmity with teachers in general, there came to teach our summer school a delicate looking girl who could not have numbered more than seventeen years. Her fair face, deep blue eyes and clustering auburn curls, her soft manners and graceful movements, at once won the admiration of the little girls, who treated her with the most gentle affection.

The older heads of the district were shaken in doubt that one so youthful and gentle could control and teach the band of mischief-looking children that thronged the school-house.

Miss Carey, or Miss Lily, as she wished to be called, was soon so firmly enthroned in the hearts of all, both old and young, that their doubts gave place to earnest efforts for her success. A disobedient urchin soon found himself so unpopular that he was glad to pay his way back into favor by becoming a pattern of propriety.

I saw all this, yet I could not consent to yield my independence, as I thought, for I considered myself too much of a man to be longer under petticoat government. I assemed a lawless air, and amused myself by playing various tricks upon my more obedient neighbors. Miss Lily reproved me gently, but I was not willing to acknowledge the power of kindness.

One day, in class, the word *patch* was given me to spell. In rapid succession I spelled patch, patched, patched dress, pointing at the same time to her well worn garment, which had been neatly darned in various places. Instead of the laugh which I expected to raise, a feeling of horror, like an electric shock, pervaded every member of the school. Little faces, pale with anger and grief, and eyes flashing with indignation, were turned upon me from all sides.

Miss Lily first blushed to her eyes, then pale and trembling sunk to her chair, while she forced back the tears that gathered in her eyes. Suddenly all that little band gathered around her, twining their hands about her neck, kissing her face and hands, and showing every kindness that little sympathising hearts could devise. It being the hour for dismissing the evening school, Miss Lilly sent them all away with a kind kiss, until I alone remained; she then said gently, "Albert you may be dismissed." I was completely subdued; and quietly leaving the house seated myself under a tree by which she must pass.

When she came, with tears trickling down my cheeks I begged pardon for my misdeeds. She wiped the tears from my eyes, and seating me by her side, talked to me as I never before heard a woman talk. In that hour I felt myself a changed being; an ambition was born to become good and great and rich, that I might help such women as Miss Lily.

She told me of her infirm father, of her mother's labors to support her little ones, and of the efforts she had made to give her, the eldest child, sufficient education to teach. She told me of her own efforts to assist her mother by sending her nearly all her little wages, and of her nightly studies to prepare herself for teaching a higher school.

I went home that night with my head full of grave reflections and good resolutions, some of which I strictly kept. Ever after I was ready to fight any boy who showed the least disrespect to a female teacher.

In after years, when wealth and opportunity were mine, I carried an open hand, heart and purse for women striving against difficulties to gain honorable positions. Miss Lily lived to earn wealth and fame, and a rich store of love from all with whom she mingled.

How to keep your Piano-Forte in Order.

The following we clip from the Musical World. It is good advice and very much needed:

"Have your piano-forte tuned at least four times in the year, by an experienced tuner; if you allow it to go long without tuning, it usually becomes flat, and troubles a tuner to get it to stay at concert pitch, especially in the country. Never place the instrument against an outside wall, or in a cold, damp room, particularly in a country house; there is no greater enemy to a piano-forte than damp. Close the instrument immediately after your practice; by leaving it open dust fixes on the sound-board, corrodes the movements, and if in a damp room the strings soon rust. Should the piano-forte stand near or opposite to a window, guard, if possible, against its being opened, especially on a wet or damp day; and when the sun is in the window, draw the blind down. Avoid putting metalic or other articles on or in the piano-forte; such things frequently cause unpleasant vibrations and sometimes injures the instrument. The more equal the temperature of the room, the better the piano-forte will stand in tune.

One Hour.—One hour gained by rising early, is worth one month in a year!

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., FEBRUARY 1, 1856.

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OUR COMPANY.—The Richmond people have been particularly favored within the last two weeks, by the company of two eloquent ladies—Lucy Stone and Emma R. Coe. Eminently different though they are, yet each have an admirable genius. Each have most important places to fill in the world's moral work, and each must receive the hearty thanks and good will of our philanthropic citizens.

LUCY STONE BLACKWELL.—This eloquent lady has been with us, and charmed our people with her heart-warm eloquence and noble thought. We feel better and happier for her visit, and prouder of humanity. She is one to make love, to call forth goodness and awaken aspirations for justice. She lectured four evenings, and the interest unabated. The last evening she had a crowded audience—her subject being the legal disabilities of woman.

Mrs. Blackwell also held a meeting at Centerville, by invitation, at which small place she had a nice audience. She will also hold meetings at Winchester, and Springfield, Ohio. Blessings on her.

MRS. EMMA R. COE.—Mrs. Coe lectured again in Richmond on the 26th, on Woman's Social Position, and on the evening of the 27th on Temperance. We were so occupied that we could not hear these two lectures, but were told that they were excellent.

Mrs. Coe left here to speak by invitation in the pleasant town of Newport, and from there would go to Winchester.

Mrs. Coe is a young woman of decided genius, and her powers of oratory are so enchanting that we predict for her a glorious future. Invitations flow in to her from different parts of our State, and we trust she may be able to fulfil many.

☞ Noble, earnest and determined, said we, as the huge pile of letters came to our table to-day. Thanks, thanks. New friends raise their right hand in every direction, and old friends are firm.

☞ Mrs. E. Devlin, Pattersonville, La., the money will doubtless come safely—at any rate it is at our risk. Thanks.

☞ At Indianapolis we have a stranger friend who has been very kind to us. She has our thanks. Our interests are gaining ground there.

Work Steadfastly.

We are doing comparatively little towards removing the existing strong prejudice against the Woman's Rights movement in our State. This prejudice is, in the majority of cases, lost by coming in familiar contact with the doctrine. People are timorous about new things, even though they have occasional examples of their practicability; yet they are afraid of the expediency of the extention in practice, of *inalienable rights*. What though Queen Victoria is at the head of a powerful kingdom; what though Elizabeth Fry was the valued advisor of leading British statesmen, and the guest and correspondent of half the sovereigns of Europe; what though beautiful living testimony among the Quakers proves that women, the most useful in the ministry, are the best wives and mothers; what though a Monuelita Rosas influences the stern policy of her Father, or that Mrs. Somerville can use the telescope, or that Elizabeth Blackwell and Harriet K. Hunt have by sterling worth, and indomitable energy and perseverance won for themselves high places in the medical profession; what though women are among our first writers, among our artists, sculptors and orators; what though, the instances are beyond count where women, in all conditions of life, have proven their ability and left their mark indelibly, upon the world's memory. These things, with the good practical effect of the enfranchisement of woman, the good thought and the good will that must prevail when women has a voice in the formation of our laws, and impartiality in the legal provisions for the two sexes prevails, must be talked of in every school district, and laid before every mind until the web of prejudice is worn away, and due consideration is given them.

The American men stand aghast at the idea of a woman being our President, but Englishmen would be horrified at the thought of a commoner in the Queen's place. Woman only asks *to be free*, that the nullification be removed, and rest assured that Lucy Stone spoke genuine truth when she said "woman's nature is stamped and sealed by the Creator, and there is no danger of her unsexing herself while his eye watches her." His laws do not need the farthur action of man's judgment. When this is attempted, deformity, ill-will and injustice must follow, simply because good cannot be made better, and when alteration is attempted, *worse* must result. We have seen abundantly the bad results and must now throw the arguments and the cases before the people until they do receive and act upon them. And we must not waver or falter because they are slow to receive the truth. There is sometimes strength in a slow belief, and at any rate we must remember, for our consolation, that all history proves that even after the mass of minds have acknowledged errors in their policy, that restitution is slow, because of the timidity of some, of the supineness of others and the interests of many. Particularly will this be true in respect to Woman's Rights, for man is slow to give up power, be it ever so obviously injurious.

In carrying forward our plans, we experience the ill effects of woma'- position in monetary affairs. We are poor; we have no means. We could get immumerable more readers for The Lily if woman could put her fingers in her own purse, at once, and take out fifty cents, and not have to go to the men, explain the whole matter, what the paper is, what it advocates, and finally that they came to ask for a little money, a year's subscription.

We could get greater crowds out to hear our speakers, in many places, if it were not for the admission fee. If we had able State organizations we could keep the subject up lively in every school district, and sow the country broad-cast with tracts that many would read, who would neither subscribe for a paper or go to a lecture. We could keep petitions, too, in active circulation, and this is all important.

But with all our disadvantages, we are not disheartened; those of faint spirit must give place to those who cannot be quailed, so long as they carry the bright truth in their hearts. It is not an ephemeral thought or fancy or sentiment that we work for; it is an undying fact that must eventually force its intrinsic merits, enlist in its advocacy all of the noble and the good.

☞ MARRIED, January 24, 1856, at Henrietta, New York, by Joseph Brown, Esq., the father of the bride, SAMUEL C. BLACKWELL, Esq., of Cincinnati, and Rev. ANTOINETTE L. BROWN, of New York.

We are happy to find the above notice in one of our exchanges. They have our most earnest good wishes.

Lucy Stone and Antoinette L. Brown are now sisters-in-law. They are at present residing in Cincinnati, but we are informed that Charles and Antoinette intend making their future home in New York City.

How strange is the subtle spell of feeling that extends from heart to heart of those who, tho' strangers, yet have a union of interests in noble causes. The happiness of A. L. B. has sent a gushing thrill of gladness through the hearts of a host of her stranger friends. Many an earnest, good wish is born to her on the thought waves.—Blessed indeed are those who are beloved.

☞ On the evening of the 25th ult., Mrs. Emma R. Coe favored us with another of her inimitable lectures. Her subject was "The Social Position of Woman," which she handled most beautifully indeed, and from the perfect silence and rapt attention of the audience, we should think that her words of wisdom were far from being thrown away; on the contrary, it seemed evident that they were sown deep in the hearts of the willing hearers, to make their appearance, perhaps, in the future, in the tangible shape of action.

On Sunday evening Mrs. Coe spoke on the subject of Temperance, and from the bottom of my heart I wished that every man and women in the State of Indiana could hear her words and feel their import. Truly this eloquent woman has wonderful ability to make her hearers feel the truth and importance of what she utters. Although she is at this time in feeble health, the powers of her intellect seem free and active, and strong to grapple with error, and to uproot its deep grown footholds. May God still increase her ability and give to her the victor's crown.

Correspondent.

ERRATA.—We were exceedingly mortified at the errors in our last number, in the printing of our notice of Mr. Coe's lecture. Her beautiful language was *shamefully distorted*. We ask her indulgence.

☞ TO ELLEN F. RANDALL—Our deepest thanks for the beautiful contribution.

ULTRAISTS.—Among a large class, the thought prevails that ultraists in any branch of improvement do no good. That it is the moderate, the half-way, cautious people that do all the advance work, consequently deserve all the credit; while the ultraists with their sharp words of homely, but clear and honest truth, startles the world too much, make people afraid of facts, and indeed are generally a kind of bug-bear that should be kept in a cage or hunted to death.

We forget that truth is necessarily ultra—that it admits of no compromise; that it is sharper than a "two edged sword," for it casts out every species of error, and tolerates not even its approach. As is the sharp point of the iron wedge to divide the immense mass of conglomerated matter, so are the ultraists in dividing the right from the wrong in the moral world. They are not afraid of making war against error at any point. They need no driving, as does the multitude of well-arranged, cautious people compact, and mutually sustaining at the heel of the wedge.

The ultraists finds a voice at the first discovery of evil, and deals with error with ungloved hands; the moderate reformer waits until the ultraist has kept the subject before the people—till they cry out with amazement at the abomination, and go en masse against it. All classes have their use, and work enough for all, without condemning each other.

Gentleness Sweetens Home.

Be ever gentle with the children God has given you; watch over them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not with anger. In the forcible language of Scripture, "Be not bitter against them," Yes, they are good boys. I once heard a kind father say, "I talk to them very much, but do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them." It was a beautiful thought, though not elegantly expressed.

Yes, there is not one child in the circle around the table, healthful and happy as they look now, if longer spared, the storm will not beat.—*Western Lady's Book.*

For the Lilly.

N. MANCHESTER, Wabash Co., Ind., Jan. 20, 56.

DEAR MRS. B.—

If every woman, when she feels the scourage of tyranny crippling and crushing her efforts for advancement, either physical or mental, would sieze the pen and expose the hindering obstacle that protrudes its unwelcome form across her pathway, it would *nail* the monster where he lies, it would be *the* argument—prolific fruit of an outraged brain—and as such, contain the element necessary to arouse the dormant sensibilities of those who are our oppressors, be they male or female (very many of both stand in the relation of robbers to the poor of our sex) they need but to open the eye of the understanding and the evil so evident must be seen and by the exercise of merely ordinary benevolence will be remedied.

Let girls press forward in procuring educations, that will fit them for some lucrative employment, and with a will determined to succeed, enter upon it with the double motive of sustaining life, and fulfilling a duty to her sex, by tearing down those iron walls built around "dependent womanhood" by our kind protectors (?) in ages gone by—and substituting in their stead, fields of usefulness as extensive as the bounds of moral responsibility—hedged in only by conscience, capacity and inclination.

Let all who have daughters, sisters or friends just entering upon life of sufficient capacity and adequate means, use their influence to have them enter upon some useful avocation hitherto monopolized by men, and leave needlework to be performed as it should be by sewing machines. Already too much female strength and talent has been sacrificed over the midnight lamp for half pay.

There are many employments so well suited to women as to seem to be their prerogative—such as clerking; book-keeping; certain kinds of painting and carpentry etc. I see no reason why women should not do the "finishing" work of furniture, carriages, &c.

As daguerreotypists, women is certainly well qualified by nature, indeed, some are entering upon this with good success. A beautiful executed picture of a Lady Artist of my acquaintance, lies on the table before me—wrought by her own Camera.

But most of all, in the "learned professions is womans influence needed, no where is her love and hallowed influence more called for than at the sick bed of her sister, and at the so called "Bar of Justice." Let *women* plead for woman's guilt.

Men tell us they "so love us," that at the legal bench, evidence is distorted in our favor, and the Judge's heart pleads acquittal for woman's crimes—is *false!* as the justice men have dealt out in the shape of *Law* for woman's *protection* through all past time, and which, before the glaring blaze of enlightenment thrown upon the world by woman's efforts, must sink into oblivion.

If we *must* have civil Laws to guard us, may God speed the day when *woman* shall, from the Judge and Juries bench, decide, and at the Bar plead her sister's claims.

And may *Excelsior* be united in characters of living light on woman's onward pathway, and may she halt not, nor faint by the way until *ne plus ultra* shall by the God of progress be proclaimed.

But pardon me, my pen has run away with my brain. My object in writing was to forward you a copy of the Michigan Law, approved last winter, relative to the Rights of married women. "Constant dropping will wear away a stone," so constant agitation will make inroads upon the minds of men, and thro' them, undermine the time-hon-or'd customs, adamantine 'tho' they be.

Yours, in haste, for the right,

L. LANPHIRE.

PROHIBITION ABROAD.

We are gratified in perceiving that the press of England is giving insertion to such appeals as the following, which we cut from an English paper called "*The Alliance*," if not in all cases advocating the doctrines of total abstinence. Such appeals must have weight both there and here, and our Mr. Glover, who has moved in the legislature for a repeal of the Prohibitory Law, might profit considerably by a careful perusal of the appeal, and ask himself whether it may not be said of him also, "Thou art the man":—

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO THE MOTHER'S OF ENGLAND.

I feel assured it is the duty of every mother in this land to do her part towards so great and glorious an object as the emancipation of our fellow creatures from the thraldom of strong drink. If you ask what good can woman do in this cause, I reply much may be done—first by her example, next by her kind persuasion and entreaty. The Maine Law is a vast and grand conception, but it still requires great and unremitted exertion to make it, as wit. God's blessing it surely will be ere long, entirely successful. We must remember the largest mansion is built of single bricks, therefore each one serves its turn, and not one can be spared from its place. Why, then should you or I stand aloof and say we have no influence in this great work. I really do think the poorest and weakest amongst us have influence which may be turned to some good if we but seek the occasion. It is not required of mothers of families to go forth in public and raise their voices in favor of the Maine Law; but that is no reason why we should sit still and make no effort for its accomplishment, as that would be to lay the only talent up in a napkin. We can at least make the principle known to those of our acquaintances who have as yet given but little heed to the subject; and we can also expend a trifling sum weekly to distribute the *Alliance Weekly News* amongst those who have neither time nor inclination to listen to argument, as I can safely assert from experience, that many have been first surprised, then convinced, by its perusal, * * * The cry is, what makes the bread so dear? Is it the war? No, it is not entirely the war; it is if possible, a more cruel enemy than war, for it is a wolf in sheep's clothing who who has crept amongst us and robbed our children of their bread. What is this cruel thief, and where shall we seek and slay it, that our children may have food? It is that accursed thing called strong drink, to be found in the breweries and distilleries; and from these strongholds of iniquity must the Maine Law drive it ere peace and plenty again visits this land. Will you not learn with indignation that no less than eight millions of quarters of grain are annually sacrificed to the demon drink. We condemn the incendiary, and rejoice in his capture and punishment for burning the corn; but surely he is innocent in comparison with those who not only destroy our food, but make it an instrument of destruction to domestic happiness; introducing strife and dissension, and all other bad habits, which but for that loathsome drink would never disgrace so many otherwise happy fire-sides. Oh, mothers of England, will you not do all in your power to crush this monster evil?—Think not that you are too weak to do good service in this cause. Believe me, if we once combine to banish all alcoholic drinks from our tables, and positively refuse to partake of them on any pretence whatever, a very great point will be gained; and our self-denial would be imitated by many husbands and sons, who want but a little stimulus in the right direction, as they are already disgusted with the present drinking customs of society. We hear of the efforts of the Sisters of Mercy in behalf of suffering humanity. Cannot we imitate their example on a more extended scale? For why should we not help to feed the hungry child by refusing to drink its daily bread? Think, oh think, when your own little ones bend their knees in prayer, and ask of God their daily bread, what those have to answer for, who, merely to gratify a depraved habit, are instrumental in depriving them of that which their Heavenly Father sends for food. When we see a hard working woman surrounded by a young family, their little lip blue with hunger and cold, we ask who has done this? will they not point to the brewer and distiller, and cry, Thou art the man? Once more then I ask, mothers of England, will you not arise and shake off all apathy for the good of the poor and the oppressed, who look to you for aid and sympathy in this coming struggle? Think how great, how glorious, will be the triumph, when succes

shall crown your efforts; which, by the blessing of a merciful God, it will speedily do. Let then your watch-word be—The Maine-law and nothing less than the Maine law.

EMMA HARDING.

London, Dec. 7, 1855.

We are pleased to find the following in the *Cauga Chief:*

Letter from Frances D. Gage.

MEDINA, Jan, 18, 1856.

DEAR EMMA: Traveling through this State as a "Woman's Rights" lecturer, (by invitation from the State committee) I chanced, here in the neat little town of Medina, to find your issue of the 15th. The Cayuga Chief looks like an old friend, and awakens reminiscences of the past—of days when it came weekly to cheer me when I was battling for temperance in Ohio, five years ago—battling against the most insiduous foe that has ever spread his toils for poor, erring humanity.—"We have met the enemy," in your State and in Ohio. But is he *ours?* Is he conquered by legal enactments? Is the work all done, and shall we fold our hands and let the prisoner out on parole, to roam where he will and do as he listeth?

Everywhere in your State, I am told that the law is a *dead letter*. But it is not so.—For, while here and there a rumseller still deals out his waters of death—and here and there a man still "puts a devil into his mouth to steal away his brain," still I see no evidence as I travel, that the voice of public opinion is not moulding society to its will. I have scarce seen a drunken man in your State and if liquor is sold, it is not sold anywhere openly, boldly and defiantly. True, the coiled serpent is still hissing in the by-ways of towns and cities, and must be watched, "for eternal vigilance is the price of safety."

While our men, then, are turning their attention to a new foe, and nerving themselves to resist that other greatest, and boldest, and wickedist evils, chattel-slavery, it behooves women to stand on the watch-towers of morality and virtue, at home; to instill into the minds of the children at the hearth-stone—who must soon take their places in the great arena of life—a more than Maine Law abherrence of intemperance. A great moral victory has heen gained, with woman it must rest to carry it on in a glorious triumph to the future. The future is to be a more earnest life for woman. She must be aroused to the higher responsibilities that must devolve upon her. The great political issues now before the world, are moral issues, and every woman that rolls her talents in a napkin, in the hereafter, will be accounted untrue to nerself, society, and to God.

The battels of the future must not be battles of bloodshed and strife; not rude contests of clanging steel, booming cannon, groans and death, but meeting of mind with mind, and reason opposed to reason; battles for right not might, where the kindlier instincts of the heart shalt hold umpire, and woman and man meet on equal ground, to discuss and decide what will be for the best good of all. It is to hasten on this time—to urge woman to a sense of her duties and responsibilities, and the mighty influence she will exert either for good or ill, that I am now abroad in the world; to urge women to more earnestness in industrial avocations, that they may gather means, to themselves, and thus secure independence; to urge upon them the necessity of physical strength, that they may thereby have power to use pecuniary means when acquired; to cultivate the intellect, that they may sustain mental strength for any emergency in life; for until woman shall be physically, morally, and pecuniarilp independent, she cannot fill her place in the great moral revolutions which are to come. "If men are what their mothers make them," it is high time that they were called to account for the shabby manner in which they do their work. If society receives its moral tone from women, and she is responsible for all its sins, as mother, wife, sister, and daughter—in the name of justice and mercy—in the name of right and truth call upon her to awake to her mighty work and throw the burden of sin from her shoulders, which is pressing her into the depths of humiliation and shame—to rouse from the lethargic sleep which has benumbed her senses in the days of the past, and either reform the world, or throw back the taunt, that women are what men make them, and that they must cease to compel to be inferious, ere they can be the soviors of a world from its wrongs.

Yours,

F. D. GAGE.

For The Lily.

OREGON, OGLE CO., ILL., Jan. 15.

MY DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL—I have been thinking to write a letter for the Lily, for some time, but the weather has been so cold that it is almost impossible to do any thing only trying to keep warm. Why, I have not experienced such extremely cold times since residing among the bleak hills of Massachusetts; and if any of my Eastern friends have an eye upon this part of the world as a future home, let me say to them, prepare to shiver as you never did before, and bid a long farewell to the bright, cheerful fires which make your homes so pleasant through these cold, winter days.

I had an appointment to speak at Mt. Morris, upon Woman's Rights, last Thursday evening, but received a polite note the evening before, informing me that the Church would be occupied by previous appointment, and that the Pastor, a Methodist, was not willing to make any charge. Well, be it so; all these things will work together for good in due time.

Did I not believe that the universe, with all pertaining thereunto, is controlled by a God of Justice, I should have but little faith in the ultimate success of any movement which is in any way connected with the development of Truth and Right. From the acquaintance which I have formed with clergymen in this section of country, and from reports concerning them, I am led to infer that the majority of them are too intelligent and liberal minded to disgrace themselves by any of those little contemptible capers which are not so uncommon among gentlemen of clerical habits, as to be regarded as eccentricities, instead of general principles.

Meeting-houses may be closed against us, but that is only an argument against the intelligence, the liberal and christian feelings of those who close them. When ministers tell American people that they ought not to pay any attention to certain movements, the American people are very apt to say, "We will look into these matters ourselves, instead of taking it for granted that you give us a correct report And that is right. Investigate these things for yourselves, O men and women of the nineteenth century, remembering that there is as much common sense and right reason among women, as there is among men; and as much independence, too, as can reasonably be expected to exist among the members of a subjugated party.

It requires a man possessing rather more than ordinary intelligence and liberality of mind and feeling to discuss woman's rights with calmness and impartiality, for no other subject appeals so directly to his selfish feelings.

No matter how ultra his views may be upon Temperance, Anti-Slavery, or other kindred topics, upon this one he is usually most rigidly and selfishly conservative, urging compliance with the ancient customs of society as the only way by which a fearful collision among the rights of the sexes can be avoided, and his own reserved rights effectually secured against present or future innovation.

And while most men cling to their *reserved* rights, which I suppose means those which belong to women, but are still are in their possession, as tenaciously as King George clung to his colonies—they have yet to learn that the spirit of rebellion will become aroused just in proportion as our burdens are increased; and that "taxation without representation," is as unjust and oppressive now as it was in the days of our Colonial dependence.—Nevertheless, a sense of justice impels me to admit that a portion of mankind are better than our laws compel them to be.

Who makes our laws? Not "we the people"—but WE THE MEN! Ah! well—King George and his Parliament made laws which they supposed very wise and good, but his American Colonies thought otherwise, because they were not adapted to their wants and circumstances, and constantly reminded them of their position as a subjugated party. And when they cast justice into the scales against them, which kicked the beam?

P. S.—Strayed from the United States, while the constitution was being evolved, the "pure principles of Democracy." Whoever will return them in their original purity, will be entitled to the everlasting gratitude of future generations, in the Eastern as well as the Western world.

HARRIET N. TORRY.

From the Ladies' Department of the Indiana Farmer.

☞ A correspondent sends us the following article, which we give a place in our department, with pleasure:

NEEDLE-WOMEN OF RICHMOND.

"Alas! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap." HOOD.

Ever since the first appearance of that inimitable poetical effusion, from which the above lines are taken, the world has not been totally ignorant of the fact that in some, perhaps most of our large cities, large numbers of respectable women depend entirely upon their needles for support, and that the wages are often so extremely low, and provisions so high, that it is only by working incessantly from twelve to sixteen hours per day, that the necessaries of life can be procured. We have often pondered over this state of thiags at a distance; but it had hardly entered our mind that its counterpart could exist in our own little town. But we are compelled to acknowledge that to all appearance we seem already at least approximating to such a state of things. It can hardly be possible that with the present small number of inhabitants, and the many sources to which they can turn for a livelihood, that our needle-women will be compelled to sew for veriest pittances that may be offered, yet if they do not from the fir t maintain their independance, the day may not be distant when they will be as completely in a state of semi-servitude, as hundreds in older and larger cities.

We have again and again tried to reconcile the present prices of sewing with the price of bread, and often failed in the attempt. How many ordinary coats can an active seamstress make in one week? We should think three was the utmost limit—two days for each. But suppose it is four. Four coats at 75c each, is $3—This is just the price of good boarding in our city. In private families it may be $2 50. This will leave 50c. profits—$2 per month. No woman can clothe herself respectably with such a pittance. Suppose $1 is the price for making an ordinary coat, and we know this is not always paid, we have then $4 per week as the utmost a woman can earn by working 12 hours per day. Out of this she can save six per month, or $72 per year. But this is only a supposition that she does not lose a day out of the 365—nor even a single hour—an utter impossibility. But is not our estimate too high. Are not three coats a full week's work? If so, at $1 each, a woman cannot possibly save more than $26 per annum, and at 75c. she will find at the end of the year that she is minus $12 for board.

The price paid for making a plain vest is0c., 4

and lined pantaloons the same, so that the seamstress must average more than one of these per day, in order to be able to pay her board. How many will do it, even if they work full twelve hours out of the 24, and this is more than one should be confined to the needle, or any other sedentary employment.

If the seamstress is a housekeeper, the case is still worse. House rent, fuel and provisions have all to be paid for out of the scanty pittance. And in addition to this this, as is the case of many poor widows, there are often children and others to be provide for, and how, in the name of humanity, can one poor woman provide for a family of helpless dependents, by making coats at 75c, pants at 40c., and vests at the same, when provisions are at such enormous prices? The truth is, not one in fifty can do so, and make her family comfortable, and respectable in appearance.

If the needle-women of our city quietly submitted for a few years, to sew for such prices as are offered, they will find themselves in a state of thraldom from which it will then, alas! be too late to make an effort to escape. But if they take up the subject now, set the pribes below which they will not work, and resolve, *en masse*, not to take a single stitch until these are offered, they will soon rid themselves of a tyranny which will eventually become little better than the milder forms of human vassalage; and however they may think and act in the case, they may rest assured that were we one of the class aluded to, no great length of time would transpire before there would by a *strike* among the needle-women of Richmond.

Wanted a Home.

Among the advertisements in one of our yesterday's papers, you might have noticed the following:

"WANTED—A home for a very nice little girl, with a lady, where he would be instructed in her book and sewing. She will be found perfectly useful, as she is an excellent little girl, and of decent parents, Please call at 375—— street, fourth floor."

Those who have no occasion for the services of such a little girl, need not accompany me to the place in person. They have but to travel in mind to 375———street, and ascending the four weary flights of stairs, they will find themselvess in a room forlorn enough, but scrupulously neat. Bare of furniture, to be sure, and of everything, in fact that goes to make a comfortable home, but even in its desolate condition, are the evident marks of a gentle and refined mind.

And by the one dormer window sits the mother, the presiding genius of this meagre abode. Pale and wasted to a shadow is she, and clad in the scanty faded garb of poverty; but about her room, reigns that unmistakable air, which speaks the LADY—not the conventional creature of fashional life, all flounces, feathers and folly, with a heart as hollow as her own empty cologne bottles—but the lady-born, one of nature's gentlewomen.

Patiently has she struggled with the little ones left her, the offspring of the stout young laborer, who, after scraping together a comfortable little home, was suddenly struck down by a fatal fever, leaving her to the mercies of a hard world, with four helpless young things to provide for. Through all has she worked and clothed and fed them as best she might, until the "hard times" of last win ter, and the gradually increasing hard times of the present summer, have driven her up into the desolate garret.

One by one of her pieces of furniture, relics of her happy home, when, the mechanic-father of her babies, was alive, were obliged to go, and still she could not make any headway against the cruel pressure of no money and no work which bore so badly against her. Two of the little ones, Kate and Jimmie, the next to the eldest and next to the younges., have fallen victims to disease consequent upon insufficient diet and impure air. And that they are gone is a comfort [strange comfort] to the lonely widow. And now Isy, ["the nice little girl' of the advertisement] must go too, not to the grave, but almost as bad to the heart stricken mother—out to service. There is no help for it, do her best, she could not make enough to pay the rent of the room mean as it is, and buy bread for the little toddling thing of two years, which they still call 'the baby,' and bread for Isy and herself.—So Isy must go out to service.

A richly dressed lady, all satin and jewelery, has mounted the long stairway, puffing and panting, sits down in the only chair of the room to ask the anxious mother a few questions concerning the "nice little girl." The questions are hard and abrupt. The lady objects to her name; Isabel is not a proper name for a servant girl.

"She was named when we had plenty around us, and when we did not dream of her having ever to go out to service," replied the sighing mother.

The lady objects to the paleness and thinness of the little girl.

"She will pick up and grow stout as soon as she has proper food and enough of it," patiently responds the trembling mother.

The lady objects to the age of the little girl.—The mother sighs for an answer.

But at length the lady concludes upon taking her, but she is unwilling to pay anything for the services of so small a girl, although she is willing to hear her read and spell "once in awhile," at the same time assuring her mother "she shall be kept steady enough at her needle."

It will not do. The mother pleads for ever so little a week, and finally concludes that she can not spare Isy, unless she can get a few shillings a week for her service.

The stout lady goes off in a pet, muttering imprecations about the insolence of "them that hasn't a rag to their backs."

The bundle of satin, selfishness, and lace has no sooner gone than her presence is supplied by a plainly dressed Quaker lady, whose mild, serene ceuntenance expresses nothing but love and human charity.

This visit proves a true God send to the needy widow. The "wanted home" is found. The little Isabel's pale cheeks will soon bloom out with the roses of health. The weary mother will find work enough to do at a fair price to keep herself and "baby." The 'book' will be taught to the young Isabel, and wholesome precept and example taught with it.

Let us bless God, there is still some good left in the world, let us pray that many more, like the benevolent Quaker lady, may be raised up to comfort the down-trodden and needy.

A Beautiful Incident.

A lady lately visiting New York city, saw one day upon the sidewalk, a ragged, cold and hungry little girl, gazing wishfully at some cake in a shop window. She stopped and taking the little one by the hand, led her into the store, though she was aware that *bread* might be better for the child than *cake*, yet desiring to gratify the shivering and forlorn one, she bought and gave her the cake she wanted. She then took her to another place, where she procured her a shawl and other articles of comfort. The greatful little creature looked the benevolent lady up full in the face, and with artless simplicity, said—*Are you God's Wife?*

We do not remenber ever to have read a more touching and truly beautiful incident than the above. How quickly the trusting child refers its benifits to God! She felt that one who could thus pity her loneliness must live near to God. And truly she must, thus to partake of His kindness and loving mercy, and prove herself His good steward. Ah! women of New York, and women of Boston, and sisters of all other cities—remember this, and do ye likewise. You that are rich, how much more would you enjoy life's pleasures if thus you could bless some little child's heart. In the ball-room there would be somethidg sweeter in your memory than the ravishing strains of music in your ear—at the party; something better than wit, jewels, than glances of admiration.

It would be a rare sight to behold yonder beauty leave her carriage, her slippered feet scarce touching the ground, her brow radiant with jewels—if it were not for the alloy of noting also a poor half-starved wretched little girl, standing in dumb wonder, pressed up against the wall. Her eyes are blue, like those of the child of wealth, but how sad and dim! Her lips are delicate and softly curved but how pallid and thin! Her hair is glossy and soft, but the hand of neglect has shorn it of its beauty. Her hands might be white and small, but how numb and frozen they look!

Will no one take her into some warm shop and clothe her shivering form? Is there no womanly heart that would glow at the chiid's look of wonder, and at night beat with the censciousness of having made an innocent babe happy? Lives a woman who would not ascend up to heaven on a ladder upheld by and thronged with the little children she has rescued from cold and starvation?

Pick jewels up from the way-side, oh! thou that longeth after wealth—go get your gold out of the neglected corners of earth. Let thin hands be clasped at your coming, let dim eyes grow bright with grateful tears.—Leave sunshine in the dark places of poverty, and the fragrance of sweet flowers in broken hearts.

Teach trembling lips that have denied God because forsaken by their brothers, to bless them because you have proved to be one of His ministering angels. Then other than the lips oftchildhood will join your name with that of the holy God.—*Exchange.*

The Blending of the Season.

I looked over the face of nature. The trees were withered, the fields stubbled and brown. The mountains startled me with their majesty. Where were the flowers? Where the gorgeous mantling of forests and hills? Where the hues of heaven that had painted an Eden on every leaf? Soon to be obscured by tempests, and hurried underneath snows! I wept over the threatened desolation, wept that for all things there must ceme a winter.

A form of surpassing beauty moved gently by my side.

"Why weepest thou; oh mortal?" she said.—"Without rest nothing can live. So hath the bountiful Father ordained sleep, that, coming with sweet oder on her wings, clo-es thine eyes to the life pictures that Time and Care never weary in painting. Spring, Summer, and Autumn too, take their rest."

Then holding one hand over the earth, a great fissure was rent therein; and while I looked down in wonder. she clasped me in her arms, and we descended together.

I felt no fear, though darkness enwrapped us, and the way seemed endless. But anon a soft light broke out—it deepened, flashing at intervals and I saw yet far below what seemed a city of palaces.

"Do, then, mortals live in the depths of the earth?" I asked.

"Yon four palaces," she replied, pointing to the fairest and whitest, "belong to Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. All around are graneries where choice seeds are deposited and implanted of labor. Here are locked up the airs and the fruits and the snows and seasons,"

We stopped at the palace of Spring. Earthly splendor was more than eclipsed by the shining pillars, the fresh, noble statues that adorned the outer of these lofty structures. Silver and gold lined the inner walls; every where surpassing richness and magnificence were visible. I was led up the grand entrance, through wide halls into a spacious chamber.

There, softly sleeping upon a couch, whose regal hangings were of a delicate green, bordered with gold, laid a young maiden; in her hand was the first flower of the year, drooping. Her cheek was somewhat pale, her tresses like amber clouds! Soft breezes played around her pillow. I smelt

the odour of early violets, as her breath came gently between her parted lips. Gazing around, I was startled to observe that what I had taken for statuary, were living beings watching her rest.—Some of them held seeds in their hands, others spades and picks upon which they leaned thoughtfully—others, ploughs, ready to guide them at her first command.

"Spring taketh her rest," said my guide, smiling.

I was next ushered into another palace, similar in construction to the first. Upon a rosy couch reclined a glorious form! Never saw I aught so beautiful as her face. Her hair, a golden brown, laid in thick masses against her cheeks, upon which deepened the rich crimson of the sea shell. At every footstep I trod upon flowers, yet crushed them not. On every side sat maidens braiding wreathes and tinting fruit buds. A gentle rustling, like the waiving of boughs, and the sighing of zephyrs through long grasses, a soft twittering of birds, a murmur of laughing voices, and a scent of ripening fruit saluted me. Warm breezes stole about my temples, giving a soft langour, and I longed for the shade of a great tree. The bleating of lambs, the rippling of streams, the musical dripping of waterfalls, mingled delightfully together. And summer still slept with smiles on her lips.

Methough I entered, then, the palace of Autumn. Everywhere I saw joy and gladness.—Peals of music burst forth; shouts like those in harvest time, came up from the terraces. Autumn had just left the upper earth.

Thought wearied with her labors, she was more beautiful than her sisters. Night-black were her heavy ringlets; night-black her lustrous eyes—dark and deeply tinted her full round cheek.

She walked between golden sheaves, and methought they bowed to her. Swart attendants followed, loaded with corn, grapes, apples, pears, and all the roots of the earth. About their persons were wound wreaths of gorgeous flowers; their garments glittered, woven with the silk of corn. Now and then a sharp wind whistled by me, as the maidens hastened to lead away their queen. Mournful symphonies now commenced, fitful and gentle as the falling of the leaves. I heard a noise like ten thousand great wings beating the air, and but a solitary twitter, it might be that of a wounded bird.

At the door of Winter's palace I paused. What had before seemed glistening marble, I saw was sparkling ice. Frostwork in wild grotesque designs lined all the pannels. Great figures with cold eyes stood in the portals. Of a sudden a flourish of trumpets broke the stillness. Loud shouts filled me with awe, and peals of music issued from all the entrances. Tall figures in white mantles passed and re-passed, and in an inner chamber stood a kindly form, above which a hundred persons seemed busy. Sharp and keen his eyes darted everywhere. Like masses of chrystal, his locks hung upon his massive shoulders. When arrayed, he sized an icy spear that reached from the floor to the extreme of the mighty dome, and shook it with a firm hand. Fierce winds leaped from their caves; whirling flakes of snow thickened the air; frost formed over his brow and hung heavy on his locks. I heard shrieks, moans, lamenting voices. I saw that the crowd had fallen away, even as courtiers from the frown of their monarchs.

Then Winter's brow grew dark.

"None love me," he murmured.

He had hardly spoken, when with sweet strains came Spring, Summer, and Autumn, wrapped in white furs, and trembling with chill.

"We pity the king of the seasons," said one, "and have come to offer him consolation."

"I," said Spring; "will bequeath to our brother, my sunny skies, my deep blue of evening, and a few genial breezes."

"I," said Autumn, "will lend him some of my glorious evenings, with my moon as yellow as the harvest, and my glittering stars. Besides I have saved for him the choicest fruits of my labor.—Let not our brother mourn, many hearts will rejoice at his going forth."

Then winter smiled, and his smile came full upon me—I could no longer hate him. And ever since, through his reign I have marked Spring days, Summer warmth, and Autumn splendor.—*People's Organ.*

A Word to the Ladies.

The old adage aptly says, "An ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure." When we consider how fatal a disease consumption is, and how comparatively easy it is to avoid it, we are more than ever impressed with the truth of this old proverb. During the last few days, we have been amazed indeed at the folly of women, whom we have seen promenading the streets, with the snow a foot deep at the crossings, in low, paper-thick shoes, thinner than the thinnest worn by men in summer time. Will the sex ever exhibit common sense in regard to this matter? There is but one proper covering for the foot of a woman, in either cold or sloppy weather, and that is a Wellington boot, such as every gentleman uses. In fact, the protection which it affords to the leg, especially against wet, is more necessary in the case of women than of man, because, in such a case, the damp skirt flaps against calveskin or morocco, instead of against the limb. We are glad to see that within a few years these high boots are beginning to be worn by ladies; but they are by no means universal, as they ought to e, and it is a pity that the leaders of fashion, if there are any such in Philadelphia, would not see the example, both of walking and of wearing water-proof boots.

For daily walking is as requisite to health as the wearing of impervious shoes. The wives and daughters of our rich men, who never take exercise except in a carriage, are undermining their constitutions quite as effectually as those of their sex, who, unable to keep coaches, yet inimate them in wearing their drawing-room shoes. The one is injured by wet feet, the other by want of proper exercise. It is a common thing, at this inclement season of the year, to hear ladies congratulate themselves on their warm rooms; yet often these furnace-heated apartments are only less deleterious than the unprotected hovel of the beggar.

We often enter parlors, where the thermometer is eighty, where the air is fairly scorched, and where, to cap the climax, every door is shut so as to exclude the possibility of ventilation. Yet many females remain in such rooms, at this season of the year, week after week, without once going out, especially if they are in circumstances too good to compel their working for a livelihood, yet not good enough to enable them to keep a carriage. The consequences are impaired digestion, or hysterical affections, or incessant head-aches, excessive liability to catch cold, and what some perhaps will think more than all, loss of color and beauty.

There are, therefore, two faults characteristic of American women, one a neglect exercise, and the other, a too thin style of dress in winter.—Every female, who can possibly do it, ought to walk in the open air, from one to two hours every day. If suitable clothing was worn, and especially if the feet were properly protected, a daily walk even in winter, would be more conducive to health and loveliness, than all the panaceas ever concocted, or all the drugs prescribed by the faculty. It would give elasticity to the step, bloom to the cheek, brilliancy to the eye, gay spirits, brightness and intellect, sound slumbers, every blessing, in short, that vigorous physical health bestows, and of which alas! so many American women practically know nothing. Vitality would be strong and high, the deficiency of which, in most cases, is the beginning of consumption. The lungs, too, would have needful play, for no one can go out, on a bracing winter morning, without inflating the lungs fully; and the air, at such times, is always the purest. If you would live to a good old age, if you would enjoy life while living, if you would add to your personal charms, dress warm and dry, and take daily exercise in the open air. Let nothing keep you indoors but inclement weather, but be always clothed to defy cold and wet, especially to your feet.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE DICOVERED AT LAST.—That Prohibition of the Liquor traffic is the only preventive of the evils of intemperance has at last been discovered at the seat of war, and the example set by Neal Dow, in Portland, is now being followed by British officers at the Crimea. The correspondent of the London Times, in a recent letter from the Crimea, says:

"Our authorities are waging a war of extermination against spirit vendors, and, above all, against rakee importers. Capt. Shervinton, the provost-marshal at Balaklava, has a wonderful knack of ferritingout the concealed depots of this by the smell, and the punishment is simple: *The owners are compelled to start the poison for the Sea,* and they are then ordered to leave the Crimea instanter. Canteen-keepers who keep it are fined heavily, their canteens are shut up, and themselves deported at their own expense to Constantinople. No less than three native vessels were seized the other day by Capt. Shervinton full of rakee; the cargoes were confiscated and the ships sent away, never to be let in Balaklava more. Every kanteen-keeper on whose premises a drunken soldier is seen, no matter what the excuse may be, is fined £5 for each and the provost marshal has more money than he knows what to do with, from this source alone."

The conquerors of Savastopol had found in the spirit traffic a worse foe than Russia, and but for this timely interposition on the part of the authorities the insidious enemy would have done what even the brave hardihood of the Russian soldiers had failed to accomplish. In this step the British Government has practically adopted the principle of Liquor prohibition, not only in compliance with the will of her subjects, as in the case of New Brunswick, but in her own army.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

AN ACT relative to the Rights of Married Women.

SECTION 1. *The people of the State of Michigan enact:* That the real and personal estate of every female, acquired before marriage, and all property, real and personal, to which she may afterwards become entitled by gift, grant, inheritance, devise, or any other manner, shall be and remain the estate and property of such female, and shall not be liable for the debts, obligations and engagements of her husband, and may be contracted, sold, transferred, mortgaged, conveyed, devised, or bequeathed by her in the same manner, and with the same effect, as if she were unmarried.

SEC. 2. Any person who may hold, or who may hereafter hold, as trustees for any married woman, and real or personal estate, or other property, under any deed of conveyance, or otherwise, may convey to such married woman, by deed or otherwise, all or any portions of such property, or the rents issues, and profits thereof, for her sole and separate use and benefit.

SEC. 3. Actions may be brought by and against a married woman, in relation to her sole property, in the same manner as if she were unmarried.

SEC. 4 The husband of any married woman shall not be liable to be sued upon any contract made by such married woman in relation to her sole property.

SEC. 5. All contracts made between persons in contemplation of marriage shall remain in full force after marriage takes place.

SEC. 6. This act shall take effect immediately.

Approved February 13, 1855.

INDUSTRY.—To be really and practically industrious, one must improve the minute particles of time, known as "spare minutes." Of all portions of our life, these spare minutes are the most fruitful for good or evil, and are literally the gaps through which temptation finds access to the soul. "Spare minutes are gold-dust of time," said Young: and make the mountains, moments make the year!